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COVER: Rope, a leather saddle, boots, hat, a six-shooter and a guitar — the gear of the cowboy, even today. The Franklin Mint will honor the pioneers of America's West with eight, finely executed bronze sculptures. See page 18.

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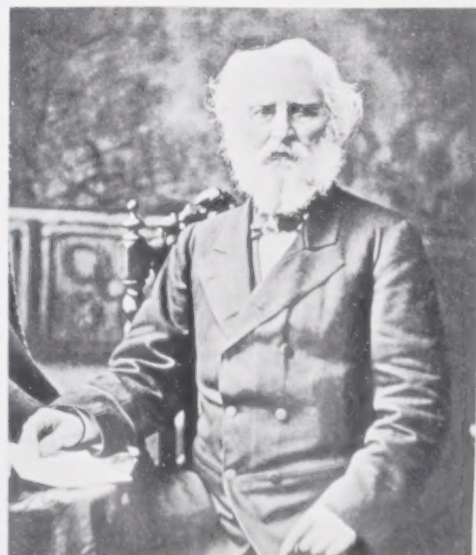
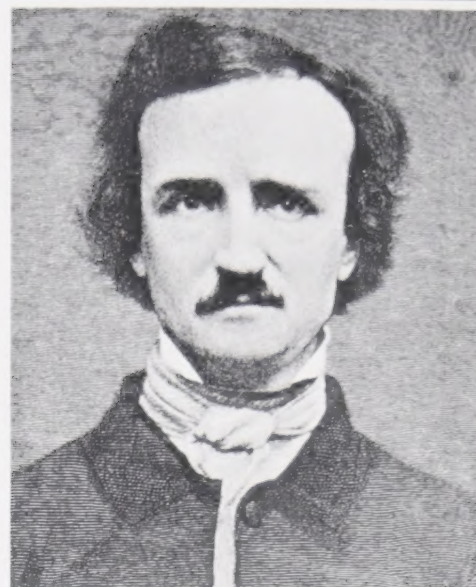
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*The American Revolution Bicentennial Administration
announces publication of the most important book collection in our nation's history*

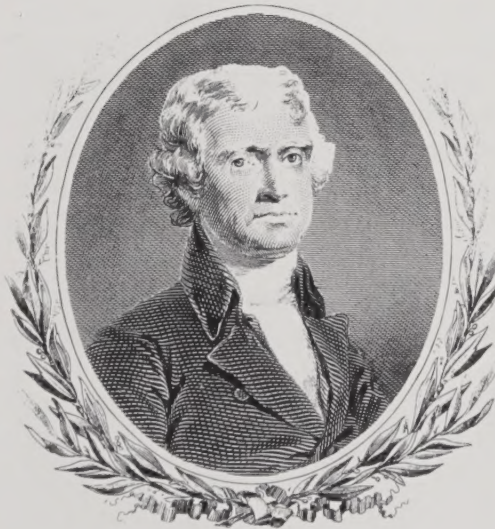
The 100 Greatest Masterpieces of American Literature

ON JUNE 17, 1785, Thomas Jefferson wrote a letter to James Monroe in which he complained that his countrymen failed to appreciate the benefits they enjoyed as free Americans. Jefferson had a way with words, and he minced none of them:

"... its soul, its climate, its equality, liberty, laws, people, and manners. My God! how little do my fellow countrymen know what precious blessings they are in possession of, and which no other people on earth enjoy!"

Americans have always had a way with words.

And America's writers have always known what Jefferson was talking about—even if some of their countrymen haven't. And so America's writers have used the rich and muscular words of the American idiom to write magnificent books. Books that tell the enduring stories of our people and their times—and that recount the blessings of America—from our



Thomas Jefferson

founding down to the present day.

In doing this, they have drawn heavily upon our land and its people for their inspiration—more so than other writers of other lands. And in doing that, they have forged literary works without equal in contemporary English letters; indeed, works unsurpassed in the current literature of any other nation.

America's writers are the offspring of the most vigorous society on earth; a society that stands less in awe of its

past than in expectation of its future. And so they have employed that vigor and our dynamic language to enrich the national culture with books that both expose our frailties and celebrate our strengths. Books that tell us who we are and where we've been and where we're going. Books that have withstood the test of time and remain as fresh and current and meaningful as the day they were written.

This contribution to our heritage has been fully recognized by the world's leading critics, teachers and writers. And it is an appreciation shared by the members of The American Revolution Bicentennial Administration.

For now, on the occasion of America's Bicentennial, The American Revolution Bicentennial Administration has determined to bring together—for the first time in a single collection—the most important works of America's finest writers. It is a collection to be called *The 100 Greatest Masterpieces of American Literature*.

This will be a monumental undertaking. One that has required an enormous expenditure of time and

At left, top to bottom: Nathaniel Hawthorne, Edgar Allen Poe, Jane Addams, and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

energy on the part of the ARBA to bring about. To begin with, more than fifty universities throughout the United States were consulted by the ARBA for their nominations of the finest works of American literature. Books that would include both novels and short stories, as well as works of poetry, history, biography, humor, science, philosophy and politics.

With the nominations in hand, the Bicentennial Administration next turned to a specially-selected panel of twelve of the most distinguished literary authorities in America to make the final selection of titles. That accomplished, the ARBA has now announced that The Franklin Library—the world's foremost publisher of fine, leather-bound books in limited editions—will produce these one hundred masterworks and make them available to the American public.

Robert Vincent O'Brien, Publisher of The Franklin Library, has aptly and movingly expressed his personal feelings about the Library's role in publishing this important collection. "I can't think of a more significant occasion on which to issue *The 100 Greatest Masterpieces of American Literature* than on the 200th anniversary of America's independence.

"The Bicentennial Administration's reasoning behind this whole project is not only highly appropriate to our Bicentennial, it's also absolutely accurate in terms of the authors involved. Because American writers have, almost without exception, taken their themes from the time and place in which they've lived. So that these novels, short stories, poems and plays—taken together—literally *do* tell the story of America. Of her triumphs and tragedies; of her people and her landscape; of the whole darn magnificent panorama of the American experience.

"In what other literature has any writer captured the very tempo and flavor of his land and people better than William Faulkner has in portraying the Deep South—or Sinclair

Lewis the Middle West? Who have matched their words to the rhythm of their times so well as Scott Fitzgerald and John Dos Passos? Or read the American character with such fidelity as have Theodore Dreiser and Ernest Hemingway?

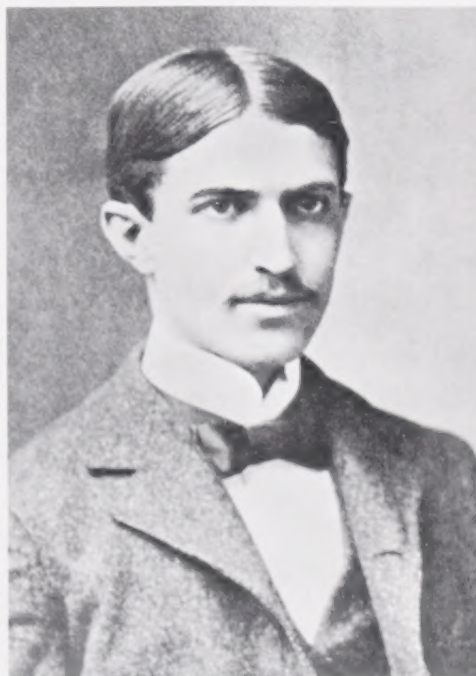
"We're proud to be a part of this exciting venture. And The American Revolution Bicentennial Administration is to be congratulated for initiating it. They've done their work well."

In the short span of two centuries—from James Fenimore Cooper to John Steinbeck and from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow to T.S. Eliot—America's writers and poets have created a literature that ranks with the greatest of any age. But they are writers better heard from than spoken of... better heard from in their own words.

What follows are some of them.

* * *

In the year 1895, a 24-year-old writer whose first novel had gone unnoticed wrote a second book. It was a short novel set in the Civil War, and it told the deceptively simple story of a young lad swept up in the turmoil of battle. Yet this book has become an American classic and remains today



Stephen Crane

one of the most discussed novels in all literature. The author's name was Stephen Crane. And the book was called *The Red Badge of Courage*.

Early in the book, Crane tells of the youth's first encounter with death:

"Once the line encountered the body of a dead soldier. He lay upon his back staring at the sky. He was dressed in an awkward suit of yellowish brown. The youth could see that the soles of his shoes had been worn to the thinness of writing paper, and from a great rent in one the dead foot projected piteously. And it was as if fate had betrayed the soldier. In death it had exposed to his enemies that poverty which in life he had perhaps concealed from his friends."

Later, the youth finds himself in the thick of the fight... and finds within himself a courage he did not know he possessed:

"The youth was not conscious that he was erect upon his feet. He did not know the direction of the ground. Indeed, once he even lost the habit of balance and fell heavily. He was up again immediately. One thought went through the chaos of his brain at the time. He wondered if he had fallen because he had been shot. But the suspicion flew away at once. He did not think more of it..."

"The flames bit him, and the hot smoke broiled his skin. His rifle barrel grew so hot that ordinarily he could not have borne it upon his palms; but he kept on stuffing cartridges into it, and pounding them with his clanking, bending ramrod. If he aimed at some changing form through the smoke, he pulled his trigger with a fierce grunt, as if he were dealing a blow of the fist with all his strength..."

"Once he, in his intent hate, was almost alone, and was firing when all those near him ceased. He was so engrossed in his occupation that he was not aware of a lull.

"He was recalled by a hoarse laugh and a sentence that came to his ears in a voice of contempt and amazement. 'Yeh infernal fool, don't yeh

know enough t' quit when there ain't anything t' shoot at? Good Gawd'!"

In the end, Crane brings his young hero through the conflict. He is still alive and not much hurt. But he is no longer a youth.

"... He felt a quiet manhood, non-assertive but of sturdy and strong blood. He knew that he would no more quail before his guides wherever they should point. He had been to touch the great death, and found that, after all, it was but the great death. He was a man."

* * *

As America's serious literature excels for the sweep of its imagery and the power of its words, so America's



James Thurber

humorous writing is unsurpassed for its satire, lightness of touch and pure drollery; attributes shown to good advantage in James Thurber's delightful fable, *The Unicorn in the Garden*.

"Once upon a sunny morning a man who sat in a breakfast nook looked up from his scrambled eggs to see a white unicorn with a gold horn quietly cropping the roses in the garden. The man went up to the bedroom where his wife was still asleep and woke her. 'There's a unicorn in the garden,' he said. 'Eating roses.' She

opened one unfriendly eye and looked at him. 'The unicorn is a mythical beast,' she said, and turned her back on him. The man walked slowly downstairs and out into the garden. The unicorn was still there; he was now browsing among the tulips. 'Here, unicorn' said the man, and he pulled up a lily and gave it to him. The unicorn ate it gravely. With a high heart, because there was a unicorn in his garden, the man went upstairs and roused his wife again. 'The unicorn,' he said, 'ate a lily.' His wife sat up in bed and looked at him, coldly. 'You are a booby,' she said, 'and I am going to have you put in the booby-hatch.' The man, who had never liked the words 'booby' and 'booby-hatch,' and who liked them even less on a shining morning when there was a unicorn in the garden, thought for a moment. 'We'll see about that,' he said. He walked over to the door. 'He has a golden horn in the middle of his forehead,' he told her. Then he went back to the garden to watch the unicorn; but the unicorn had gone away. The man sat down among the roses and went to sleep.

"As soon as the husband had gone out of the house, the wife got up and dressed as fast as she could. She was very excited and there was a gloat in her eye. She telephoned the police and she telephoned a psychiatrist; she told them to hurry to her house and bring a strait-jacket. When the police and psychiatrist arrived they sat down in chairs and looked at her, with great interest. 'My husband,' she said, 'saw a unicorn this morning.' The police looked at the psychiatrist, and the psychiatrist looked at the police. 'He told me it ate a lily,' she said. The psychiatrist looked at the police and the police looked at the psychiatrist. 'He told me it had a golden horn in the middle of its forehead,' she said. At a solemn signal from the psychiatrist, the police leaped from their chairs and seized the wife. They had a hard time subduing her, for she put up a terrific struggle, but they finally

subdued her. Just as they got her into the strait-jacket, the husband came back into the house.

"'Did you tell your wife you saw a unicorn?' asked the police. 'Of course not,' said the husband. 'The unicorn is a mythical beast.' 'That's all I wanted to know,' said the psychiatrist. 'Take her away. I'm sorry, sir, but your wife is as crazy as a jay bird.' So they took her away, cursing and screaming, and shut her up in an institution. The husband lived happily ever after."

Moral: Don't count your boobies until they are hatched.

* * *

If America's writers have been witty, they have also been wise. Witness these brief observations on our manners and mores by, first, Ralph Waldo Emerson...

"This time, like all times, is a very good one, if we but know what to do with it."

Ralph Waldo Emerson



"Meek young men grow up in libraries, believing it their duty to accept the views which Cicero, which Locke, which Bacon, have given; forgetful that Cicero, Locke, and Bacon were only young men in libraries when they wrote these books."

"Beware when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet."

"God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please,—you can never have both."

"The years teach much which the days never know."

"Shallow men believe in luck."

"The louder he talked of his honor, the faster we counted our spoons."

* * *

... and, next, by Henry David Thoreau:

"Live your life, do your work, then take your hat."

"There is no rule more invariable than that we are paid for our suspicions by finding what we suspected."

"Beware of all enterprises that require new clothes."

"There are a thousand hacking at the branches of evil to one who is striking at the root."

"Why should we be in such haste to succeed and in such desperate enterprises? If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer."



Henry David Thoreau

Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

"Think of cats, for instance. They are neither Chinese or Tartars. They do not go to school, nor read the Testament . . . What sort of philosophers are we, who know absolutely nothing of the origin and destiny of cats?"

* * *



T.S. Eliot

Some profess that they do not understand "modern poetry." Yet who could remain uncharmed by this brief passage from T.S. Eliot's *The Lovesong of J. Alfred Prufrock*. Has ever the image of evening fog been better verbalized?

The yellow fog that rubs its back
upon the window-panes,
The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle
on the window-panes,
Licked its tongue into the corners
of the evening,
Lingered upon the pools that stand
in drains,
Let fall upon its back the soot that
falls from chimneys,
Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden
leap,
And seeing that it was a soft October
night,
Curled once about the house and
fell asleep.

Obviously T. S. Eliot had a special fondness for cats.

* * *

Robert Frost is perhaps the most popular American poet of our time. And he was certainly as skilled as he is popular—as exemplified in this crisp, highly-polished and rather enigmatic short poem published in 1923, *Fire and Ice*.

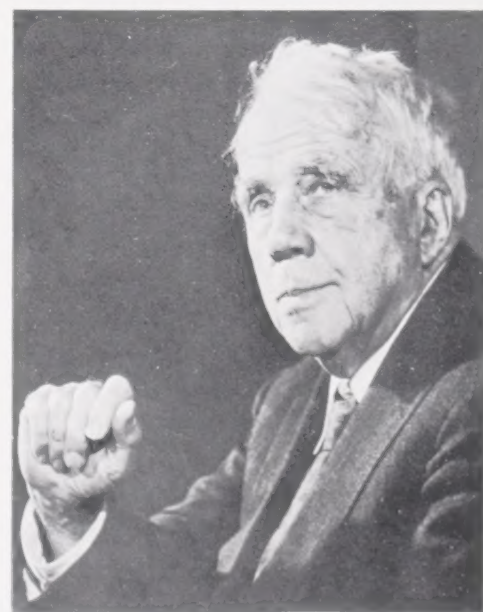
Some say the world will end in fire,
Some say in ice.

From what I've tasted of desire
I hold with those who favor fire.
But if it had to perish twice,
I think I know enough of hate
To say that for destruction ice
Is also great
And would suffice.

* * *

One of the great glories of the American arts—along with the incomparable American novel—is its legitimate theatre. It has given us, and the world, at least two completely new and original *kinds* of theatre—the bawdy and irreverent burlesque show and the lyrically brilliant and bouncy American musical comedy.

But it has been America's dramatic playwrights who have brought the greatest gifts to our literature—in their searing dramas of enormous



Robert Frost

range and power and in comedies of rare theatrical inventiveness. Works such as those of Arthur Miller, Ten-

nessee Williams and Thornton Wilder. Works that will be included in *The 100 Greatest Masterpieces of American Literature*.

An example: this brief speech near the close of Thornton Wilder's tender and uniquely American play *Our Town*. The scene is Grover's Corners,



Thornton Wilder

New Hampshire. The time is the early part of this century. The speaker is young Emily, who has died and "returned" to pay a last farewell to her family, her town — and the world.

EMILY — I can't. I can't go on. Oh! Oh. It goes so fast. We don't have time to look at one another. I didn't realize. So all that was going on and we never noticed. Take me back — up the hill — to my grave. But first: Wait! One more look. Good-by, good-by, world. Good-by Grover's Corners . . . Mama and Papa. Good-by to clocks ticking . . . and Mama's sunflowers. And food and coffee. And new-ironed dresses and hot baths . . . and sleeping and waking up. Oh, earth, you're too wonderful for anybody to realize you. Do any human beings ever realize life while they live it? — every, every minute?


* * *

No American author ever spoke more eloquently of the writer's role in society, of the writer's obligation to his society and to his fellow man, than did William Faulkner. He spoke of it in part — using that same strong though languorous speech in which he wrote — in accepting the 1950 Nobel Prize for Literature:

" . . . I decline to accept the end of man. It is easy enough to say that man is immortal simply because he will endure; that when the last ding-dong of doom has clanged and faded from the last worthless rock hanging tideless in the last red and dying evening, that even then there will still be one more sound: that of his puny inexhaustible voice, still talking. I refuse to accept this. I believe that man will not merely endure: he will prevail. He is immortal, not because he alone among creatures has an inexhaustible voice but because he has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance. The poet's, the writer's, duty is to write about these things. It is his privilege to help man endure by lifting his heart, by reminding him of his courage and honour and hope and pride and compassion and pity and sacrifice which have been the glory of his past. The poet's voice need not merely be the record of man, it can be one of the props, the pillars to help him endure and prevail."

That was the voice, and those were the words of William Faulkner.

* * *

And those before, all of those, were but snips and pieces from some of the finest, most moving and most important works ever created by America's greatest writers. All of them, and more, will be part of *The 100 Greatest Masterpieces of American Literature*. 

At right, top to bottom: William Faulkner, Stephen Vincent Benét, Marianne Moore, and John Steinbeck.





Happy Birthday, America!

JULY 4th, 1976! Americans will celebrate the 200th anniversary of the declaration of American Independence — to the very day!

It will be both a solemn and a glorious occasion. A time for rejoicing and a time for reflection. A day to give thanks . . . to look to the past with pride and to the future with hope.

For over ten generations, Americans have been celebrating the Fourth of July as a day of national deliverance; a holiday to be observed, in the words of John Adams, "with shows, games, bells and bonfires . . ." But *this* Independence Day — July 4, 1976 — will be a very special Fourth of July. For it marks America's Bicentennial . . . the most important national event in the lifetime of every living American.

It will also be a day of rededication . . . of a renewal of our commitment to the principles first set forth by our Founding Fathers on July 4, 1776.

That rededication will take place on the first Sunday of next month during a ceremony of great national importance. A ceremony to be held at Independence Hall in the City of Philadelphia . . . the same city in which America's Declaration of Independence was adopted — 200 years ago to the day.

The ceremony in Philadelphia is to include a nationally-televised Fourth of July address to the American people by President Gerald R. Ford, and the presentation to Independence Hall of a document that will have everlasting significance for all of us.

That document — *The Official Bicentennial Declaration of the People of the United States of America* — will bear the signature of the President of the United States, the Vice President, members of the President's Cabinet, the nine justices of the United States Supreme Court, all the U.S. Senators, members of the House of Representatives, and the Governors of each of our fifty sovereign states.

This Bicentennial Declaration will embody a simple yet eloquent restatement of everything this country stands for. And it will have a deep personal meaning for every American. For it will also represent their own declaration to the world of those principles we all believe in and hold most sacred:

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"On the occasion of the Bicentennial Anniversary of the United States of America, we the undersigned do proudly reaffirm our dedication to the principles of Liberty, Justice and Freedom which led our forefathers to proclaim our nation's Independence two hundred years ago, on this day and in this place.

It is our unshakable belief that these principles, applied to the affairs of each generation by a Government which recognizes that it does indeed derive its just powers from the consent of the governed, will continue to secure our rights of Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness in the centuries to come as it has in the two centuries gone by."

July 4, 1776 — July 4, 1976
Independence Hall, Philadelphia

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

That will be the message that America will give to



the world on this July 4th, 1976. It echoes the credo by which we have lived for 200 years . . . and it will remain a statement of the highest aspirations of free men for all time to come.

To pay lasting tribute to this once-in-a-lifetime occasion, The Official Bicentennial Day Commission will issue a most extraordinary commemorative—a commemorative that will preserve the spirit and meaning of this event for ourselves and for generations of Americans yet unborn.

This unique remembrance of the Bicentennial of the United States of America will consist of a solid sterling silver Proof of *The Official Bicentennial Day Commemorative Medal* and *The Official Bicentennial Declaration of the People of the United States of America* bearing the signatures of our nation's leaders. Both the Proof medal and the Bicentennial Declaration will be bound in a custom-designed presentation album.

The face of *The Official Bicentennial Day Commemorative Medal* will depict the July 4, 1976, ceremony at Independence Hall and will bear the words: Bicentennial Day, July 4, 1976. The reverse will portray the adoption of the Declaration of Independence in that same Hall 200 years earlier and will carry the inscription: Independence Day, July 4, 1776.

The Official Bicentennial Day Commission has appointed The Franklin Mint to strike the Bicentennial Day medal. And the mint—mindful of the deep significance of this commemorative for all Americans—will strike these sterling silver medals and produce the commemorative on a nonprofit basis as a public service.

The Official Bicentennial Day Commission has been organized under the auspices of the Bicentennial authorities of both the City of Philadelphia and the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania for the purpose



of officially commemorating Bicentennial Day, July 4, 1976, for all Americans.

As one of the high points of America's Bicentennial celebration, the Fourth of July rededication ceremony is expected to attract several hundred thousand visitors to Philadelphia from every part of the country.

Independence Day festivities in Philadelphia will begin, appropriately, with an interfaith religious service at 8 o'clock in the morning on the Judge Lewis Quadrangle on Independence Mall. The service will be conducted by leading clergymen of several of America's religious denominations in a large tent erected on the quadrangle. The interfaith service will be amplified throughout the entire Independence Mall area, so that the estimated 200,000 worshippers can share the Bicentennial message.

At 12:30 in the afternoon, the intersection of Fourth and Market Streets—one block from Independence Mall—will be the starting point for a spectacular six-hour parade.

The parade, to include an estimated 75,000 marchers, will feature modern as well as colonial musical and marching units, and will also boast companies of pipers, drum and bugle corps, and high school and college marching bands. Representatives in the line of march will come from each of the fifty states and from several foreign countries.

The day's events will conclude on the evening of July 4th with a spectacular display of fireworks near Independence Mall, and a joyous "Happy Birthday, America!" party at John F. Kennedy Stadium in South Philadelphia.





Security...in a velvet glove

How do you maintain high visibility and a low profile?

With training, firmness, intelligence . . . and a smile

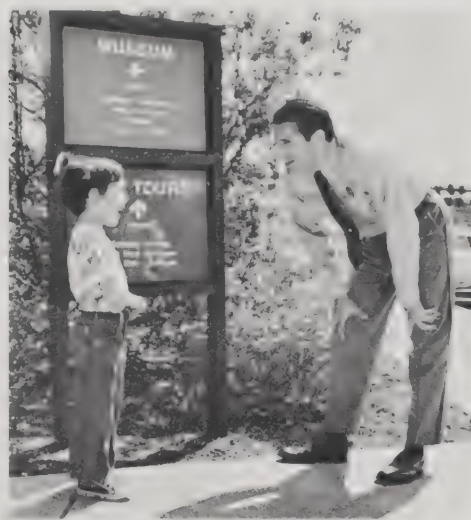
WITH a contingent of 40 armed and uniformed security officers, The Franklin Mint boasts a "police department" that would be the envy of a fair-sized city. Yet this highly-trained force patrols an area of less than one-half square mile.

Nonetheless, these men in blue play a vital role in the smooth and secure operation of the world's largest private mint. For they perform a variety of key services. Listen as Richard C. Grabill, a ten-year veteran of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and long-time Director of Security for the mint, describes some of the many functions assigned to his department.

"This is one of the toughest security jobs I know of. That's because our men have to be more than *just* highly-skilled professionals. They've also got to be as hard as nails and, at the same time, as gentle as lambs. I know I'm mixing my metaphors, but maybe that's because we've got such a mixed set of responsibilities here at the mint.

"To begin with, we're a security force guarding vaults containing the mint's inventory of precious metals.

"That's a job that goes on 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, 52 weeks a year. And that's a job we don't play games about. We work on the principle of deterrence, so we put our security right up front where everybody can



see it. Call it the ounce of prevention that's worth a ton of cure. That's the area in which we make sure to maintain a high visibility.

"But the mint and its Museum of Art are also extremely popular tourist attractions for collectors and non-collectors alike. Every year we welcome tens of thousands of visitors, and we certainly don't want them to feel as though they're coming into an armed camp. So that's where courtesy, helpfulness and a friendly smile come in. That's our low profile."

Dick Grabill and his security force employ a variety of sophisticated equipment to assist them in their work—such as a battery of more than 40 closed circuit television cameras that scan every inch of the mint and its 80-acres of grounds day and night. The cameras are monitored on 36 TV screens located in a central control station that's clearly visible to visitors as they tour the mint.

The control station also contains a panel of warning lights wired to

smoke and heat sensors placed throughout the mint. It's also the location of the mint's "hot line"—a direct telephone hookup with the Pennsylvania State Police, located—conveniently—in a barracks directly across U.S. Route 1 from the mint's grounds.

"Security at The Franklin Mint is tight," Grabill explains. "But, happily, we're not 'up-tight' about it. We don't play it loose, but we do play it cool."

Located at strategic points throughout the mint are highly-sensitive metal detectors through which co-workers must pass when leaving the minting area. And everyone at the mint must wear an identity badge bearing his or her photograph at all times. In fact, a highly-placed mint executive was once chagrined to find himself denied access to a restricted area because he had forgotten to wear his badge.

What other jobs do Dick Grabill and his men perform?

"We provide the mint's escort and courier service. We're responsible for the lobby and reception areas, parking and traffic control, fire prevention, and assisting our medical people in first aid. And, of course, we also maintain the mint's world-wide telecommunications network."

Any "major crisis" since Grabill's been on the job?

"Only one that I can recall. We were once having some visitors from Great Britain—this was some years ago. And one of our men ran the

Security officer Ron DeBellis, left, shown on his rounds with Lieutenant Booker Johnson, and greeting a young visitor, above.

Brian took up the Helios to meet them. A few seconds later, Brian Hartman—he was then Executive Vice President—came running out the front door of the mint waving his arms frantically.

Brian was born in England, and only he noticed that we were flying the Royal Standard—upside down!”

And how does Dick Grabill sum up his job?

We like to think that we maintain an orderly environment.

Ron DeBellis ...in the best tradition

Ron DeBellis is typical of the skilled and dedicated men who make up the security force at The Franklin Mint.

Typical?

Well, yes and no . . . and, yes!

In his mid-thirties, Ron is lean and hard, with the quick step and quiet confidence of a man who knows exactly what he's doing. He *looks* like a peace officer.

And yet, only a few of his fellow officers on the mint security force know about another facet of Ron's life—that he is also a well-trained artist. For Ron is, in fact, a graduate of Philadelphia's prestigious Museum College of Art.

An artist serving as a security officer? It does seem strange, and yet Ron has an easy answer.

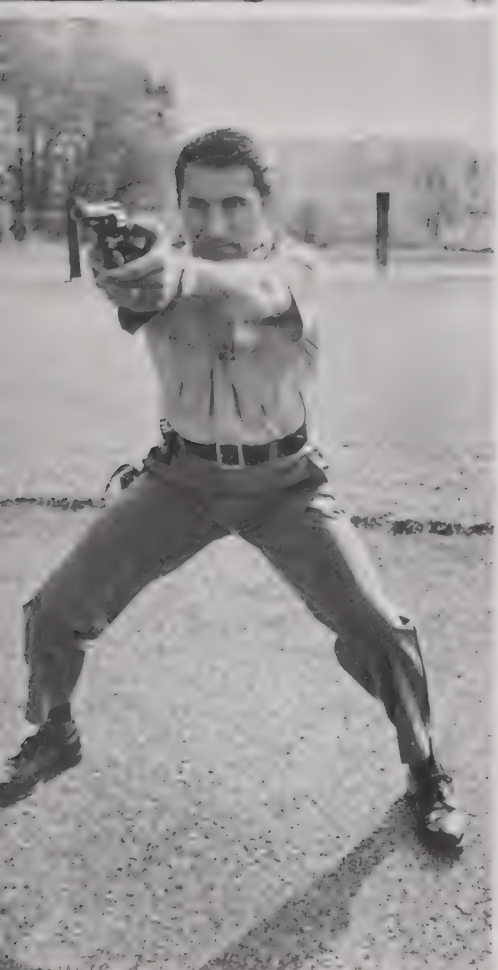
After graduation from South Philadelphia High School, Ron enrolled in the Museum College of Art and, after finishing there, began working with various advertising agencies. But Ron was a natural athlete. He'd played varsity baseball in high school and had once aspired to a career as a professional ballplayer. He craved physical activity and excitement.

So after five years, Ron exchanged his financially unstable and unevent-



Some of the myriad duties performed by Ron DeBellis during a tour of duty at The Franklin Mint include, top to bottom, conferring with Director of Security Richard Grabill, monitoring television scanners in the Security Control Center and checking day's visitors' list with fellow officer Anne Gray. At right, he checks bars of bullion in the mint's gold vault and takes his regular turn at target practice at the mint's pistol range.





ful life as a professional illustrator for the financially secure, exciting but highly dangerous job of a professional firefighter. He served with the Philadelphia Fire Department for six years until, after a series of disabling injuries, his wife and family persuaded him that firefighting was perhaps exciting — but far too dangerous.

That's when Ron joined the security department of The Franklin Mint.


"That was two years ago this Spring," says the mint's Director of Security Dick Grabill, "and Ron has turned out to be one of our finest officers. He has all the qualities we're looking for — intelligence, alertness, flexibility, reliability, coolness under pressure — and a ready smile. And, yes, we're also pleased that he's a skilled artist. After all, isn't that in the best tradition of The Franklin Mint?"

Ron was born and raised in South Philadelphia, famed as the birthplace of such celebrities as Eddie Fisher, Fabian Forte and Frankie Avalon. "I know, if I'm from South Philly, how come I'm not a singer," he laughs. Ron still lives in South Philadelphia, with his wife Rose, his two sons and a daughter. "When you're born in South Philly, you stay in South Philly," Ron explains, "unless, of course, you become a singer. I love it, and I just couldn't think of living anywhere else."

How does Ron like his work with the mint's security staff?

"It's very satisfying. I like working for the mint, and I like the people I'm working with. We're a team, and we depend on each other. It's a good feeling to know there's always somebody there backing you up."

And does Ron DeBellis miss his art?

"I can still paint on my own time. And who knows, one of these days I might just stroll over to the mint's art department and ask a few questions. As Dick Grabill said, 'that's in the best tradition of The Franklin Mint'." 



*The spirit of the American Revolution,
captured in fine lead crystal
and solid sterling silver*

The Franklin Mint Bicentennial Powderhorn

*An original work of art, to be issued
in a single, strictly limited edition*

FOR many collectors of rare and beautiful works of art, the acquisition of fine lead crystal is especially satisfying. For the delicate beauty and sparkling purity of crystal have made it one of the world's most treasured mediums of artistic expression.

Now, on the occasion of America's 200th anniversary, The Franklin Mint will issue a great work of art — in full lead crystal and solid sterling silver — that will capture the spirit of the American Revolution. *The Franklin Mint Bicentennial Powderhorn.*

While the shape of the Bicentennial Powderhorn is identical to those of two centuries ago, this magnificent work of art will be handcrafted of the finest Baccarat crystal, capped and banded in solid sterling silver, and adorned with a sparkling sterling silver chain. The brilliance of sterling silver and the clarity of pure crystal will combine to create a work of art of exquisite beauty.

On its gracefully curving surface, the Bicentennial Powderhorn will bear an original work of art created expressly for this issue by the noted American artist Isa Barnett, and executed in fine lines of sterling sil-





SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE

ver. Mr. Barnett's portrayals of the events and scenes of the Revolutionary War have been widely acclaimed and honored. For example, his design was selected by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania for its official Bicentennial Medal.

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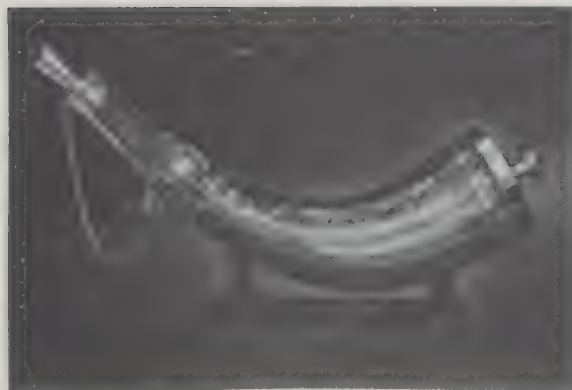
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J.K. / Indiana

Invitation acceptance form
for use by Members of
The Franklin Mint Collectors Society

The Franklin Mint Bicentennial Powderhorn

An original work of art
in fine Baccarat crystal and
solid sterling silver



Advance ordering deadline:
JUNE 30, 1976

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*Limit: One per Member
See page 14 for further information.*

**Orders must be postmarked by
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THIS FLAP IS GUMMED • MOISTEN AND PRESS TO SEAL

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Minister or Chancellor of the Exchequer?

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I note that George Grenville was Chancellor of the Exchequer when the Stamp Act of 1763 was formulated. At that time, the notable Chancellor of the Exchequer was Charles (or Charlie) Townshend, who held that post in 1766 and 1767. The famous Tea Tax was his idea. Grenville was Britain's Prime Minister at the time.

In fairness, I must say that I have often used the *Almanac* as a reference for one of my history papers. I find your magazine fascinating.

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Incorrect in stating that Grenville was Prime Minister in 1765. He was appointed to that post in April of 1763. That same year he was also appointed First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer. Grenville held these three posts, a resolution passed the House of Commons on 1764, stating " . . . it may be proper to retain stamp duties in the (American)

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J.K. / Indiana

Valid only if postmarked by June 30, 1976

Limit: One Bicentennial Powderhorn per Member

As a Member of The Franklin Mint Collectors Society, I wish to exercise my advance privilege to acquire *The Franklin Mint Bicentennial Powderhorn*, an original work in full lead crystal and solid sterling silver.

The price is \$250.* complete with its custom-fitted stand of American black walnut.

I need send no payment now. I will be notified when my *Bicentennial Powderhorn* is ready for shipment, and I will be billed for a down payment of \$50.* in advance of shipment. I will be billed for the balance in four subsequent monthly installments of \$50.* each, after shipment.

*Plus my state sales tax

Member's Signature

All orders are subject to acceptance by The Franklin Mint.

PLEASE PEEL OFF THE GUMMED LABEL FROM THE BACK COVER OF THIS ISSUE AND AFFIX IT HERE.

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The Franklin Mint Collectors Society
THE FRANKLIN MINT
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19063

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FIRST CLASS
PERMIT NO. 1
Franklin Center
Pennsylvania

The Collector's Forum

Was Molly Pitcher Polish?

I find the historical events of American history sculpted in pewter as part of the *Thirteen American Colony Spoon Collection* very interesting.

I have always been told that Molly Pitcher's real name was a Polish one ending with "ski," and that the duty she performed at the Battle of Monmouth was to bring dippers of water to wounded troops. The men called out "pitcher" when they needed water since they could not pronounce her Polish name.

Please correct me if your research staff finds this story incorrect.

C.B. / New York

Your story is partly correct. Here's what our research staff turned up:

Throughout the Revolutionary War, several women were known as "Molly Pitcher," because of their assistance in providing water to soldiers on the battlefield. The woman most associated with that name was Mary Ludwig Hays McCauley. (Her maiden name of Ludwig has been questioned by some historians who now feel she may have had Irish, instead of German, parents. Be that as it may, by the time of the Revolution she had married and was known as Mary Hays.)

Mary Hays became involved with the war when her husband enlisted in the Pennsylvania artillery. She joined him, as many wives did, and followed him from camp to camp.

During the Battle of Monmouth, Mrs. Hays gained her reputation by providing pitchers of water to the thirsty soldiers. The cries "Molly! Pitcher!" finally evolved into a nickname for Mary Hays.

Mrs. Hays did more than provide water on the battlefield, however. When her husband, a cannoneer, was wounded, she took over firing the cannon.

Mrs. Hays' husband died after the Revolution. She remarried, her name then becoming Mary McCauley.

As you can see, we couldn't come up with a Polish name for Molly Pitcher!

Kosciuszko Memorial in Society Hill

In your excellent article, "Philadelphia 1976 . . . the Bicentennial City," March edition of the *Almanac*, you failed to mention the General Thaddeus Kosciuszko National Memorial. This restored 18th century dwelling at 301 Pine Street in

Philadelphia's Society Hill area is where the Revolutionary War hero lived during his visit to America in 1797.

I agree with your statement about Society Hill: "Some of America's famous patriots walked these very streets, worshiped in these same churches, and were entertained at the firesides of these actual homes." Yes, famous patriots, including Thomas Jefferson, came to visit Kosciuszko at 301 Pine Street.

F.K. / Texas

The General Thaddeus Kosciuszko National Memorial is an outstanding example of the surprises Philadelphia's Society Hill area has for visitors. Open from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. each day, the original building houses Kosciuszko's restored bedroom and display areas commemorating the General's achievements. There is no charge to tour the house.

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J.K. / Indiana

good guys . . . and bad guys

The Westerners

*New collection of bronze sculptures will portray
the rugged pioneers who tamed the American West*

by Bud Henry



"Wild Bill" Hickok in his buckskins

I REMEMBER. Oh, how I remember! Cowboys and Indians. And the third grade "posse" of Bellevue Avenue School. Their names come tumbling back through the years. Billy Hunter and Chico Rossi. Buddy Brannigan and Ted Merra and Zack Holcomb, the "Cisco Kid." And the big lot behind the garages on Hermitage Avenue. It was just a big overgrown lot on the other side of the Railroad Canal, and it was full of sumac trees and poison ivy. But, to us, it was the Wild West!

"Preten' I'm the Indian and preten' you're the cowboys and preten' you're chasin' me. But gimme t'fifty t'hide. And no lookin'!" We spoke in the shorthand of our years. And we were heavily "armed" with broken clothespoles for Winchesters and rubberband six-shooters that fired bits of cardboard.

"Fifty! Ready'er not, here we come!"

And off we would gallop after the redskin! Slapping our thighs and running with a kind of a half-skip that turned out legs into pinto ponies. It was only make-believe, but it lives on in the memory of those Summer mornings when we could run like the wind and never knew fatigue

And on Saturday afternoons we would troop to the Strand Theatre clutching nickel bags of candy—Tootsie Rolls and Mary Janes—to see ourselves on the movie screen Rich-

ard Dix and Gary Cooper and Buck Jones—the good guys. Bruce Cabot, Jack LaRue and Warren William—the bad guys. It was all so very real! Real, because the land of our day-dreams was real

The West. The Wild West. The American West. It was both a time and a place. And different places at different times. It was the land beyond the Alleghenys when America was young. And its heroes were Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett. It moved later—to the land of the Middle Border, the country of Jesse and Frank James and the Younger Brothers.

But the West, the *real* West, was the land beyond the Missouri. The Plains States and the Rockies—the place we knew from the movies as "the land west of the Pecos." This was the home of the longhorn and the buffalo and the coyote. The land of the wide prairie, tall cactus and rolling sagebrush. Of mining camps and cattle drives and Indian raids. Of the dime novels of Ned Buntline and the stirring sagas of Zane Grey.

But most of all, the West was people—real people! The nesters and the boomers; the dudes and the drummers; the trail boss and the tinhorn; the blue britches and the badman. The Indian medicine man and the eternal American cowboy.

These are some of the real people who have inspired the noted Texas sculptor Charles Caldwell to create *The Franklin Mint Western Bronzes*—a series of eight magnificent bronze sculptures that will capture the in-

domitable spirit of the people of our western frontier. Sculptures that will help to keep alive the traditions, the history and the legends of the American West.

This is a collection that will portray: The Lawman. The Outlaw. The Gambler. The Chuck-Wagon Cook. The Dance Hall Girl. The Sioux Medicine Man. The Cavalry Officer. The Cowboy.

Of whom was Caldwell thinking when he conceived the figure of The Lawman? It could have been any one of a number of frontier peace officers, either town marshals or county sheriffs. Will the sculpture be a composite of many of them? Or will it simply be a figment of the artist's inspired imagination?

No matter. It would be a difficult choice for any artist to make. For the lawmen of the American West were a mixed breed of *hombres*. In fact, it was sometimes difficult to distinguish the good guys from the bad guys, because many of them were both at the same time. And it was not unusual for a man to serve as a deputy in one territory while being wanted as an outlaw in another.

Many of the lawmen of the West gained wide acclaim during their own lifetimes, only to be forgotten with the passing years. While others, like "Wild Bill" Hickok, Wyatt Earp and Bat Masterson, remain as celebrated today as when they were helping to "keep the peace" in such frontier towns as Dodge City, Abilene, Deadwood and Tombstone. In no small measure, their fame remains today because of generous — and often self-generated — publicity.

Some, like Earp, were calculating realists who seldom faced a showdown alone or against unfavorable odds. The quick-tempered Doc Holliday and brothers Virgil and Morgan Earp were often at Wyatt's side, as when they gunned down the Clanton Gang in the notorious shootout behind the O.K. Corral in Tombstone.

Others, like Bud Ledbetter and Bill Tilghman, performed their peace-



The Wild Bunch. "The Sundance Kid" sits left, with "Butch Cassidy" seated at the far right.

keeping chores with quiet and nearly-anonymous efficiency. Sheriff Pat Garrett faced down William Bonney, the murderous "Billy the Kid," in the darkened bedroom of the Kid's paramour — and sent Billy to an uncertain afterlife with a single shot.

Perhaps the man who most closely resembled the popular concept of the handsome, soft-spoken "man behind the badge" was the heroic, though all but forgotten, Tom Smith. Courtly and polite, the eastern-born Smith relied on nothing more than steel nerves and piercing blue-grey eyes to humble and subdue the rowdiest of lawbreakers. And he kept the peace in Abilene without ever pulling his six-guns in anger or taking another man's life. But, in the end, he paid for his courage when he was slain by a cowardly assassin as he tried to take two killers into custody.

Whatever else the western lawman had — or did not have — in common, they at least shared one attribute. They were all, by and large, honorable men who lived by the Code of the West — or what they took to be the Code — and they did help to tame the frontier.



Wyatt Earp, lawman and gambler.

The outlaws of the Old West were something else again.

They were a bad bunch, the lot of them. But they were not all painted with the same stripe, not by a long shot. And there were a lot fewer of them than popular fiction would have us believe, especially given how long the West was really "wild" — from about the middle to the end of the 19th century.

During and immediately after the Civil War, thousands of restless young men from both the North and South joined the push to the West. They had grown hardened to bloodshed and violence during that long and bitter

conflict, and the wonder is that more of them didn't turn outlaw, considering the raw nature and sheer size of the West—and the opportunities presented. The plain facts are, however, that most of them didn't—but some of them did.

Some of those who did—like Harry Tracy and John Wesley Hardin—were just mean, cold-blooded killers who murdered without remorse, while “Billy the Kid” took an almost psychopathic delight in mayhem. Others—like Sam Bass and Joel Collins—were either too stupid or too lazy to work for an honest living, and so took to robbing and killing. And still others—like Harvey “The Sundance Kid” Longbaugh and George “Butch Cassidy” Parker—just seemed to steal for the pure hell of it.

But there were other men—tough, fearless and daring—who were ready to put their own or another man's life on the line merely to avenge an insult or accept a challenge. They were the gunfighters—men like John Ringo and Clay Allison. And, as the number of their victims grew, so did their reputations—reputations that would haunt them to their graves. For they became the targets of every two-bit pistoleer and bushwhacker in the West.

Both Ringo and Allison met violent

deaths—but in strangely different ways. Ringo's body was found in the Arizona desert, shot through the head and with his gun by his side. Many a braggart later claimed to have done Johnny in, but the best guess was that he took his own life. Allison's passing



George Armstrong Custer

was more prosaic. After besting every man who ever came after him, Clay met his end when he fell from a wagon as his team bolted—and broke his neck.

They were a bad bunch, the lot of them. The only code they lived by was the code of survival, and the only

thing they feared was the rope. They were backshooters, mostly, and bad shots, to boot. And there was precious little honor among them. But they were *not* all of the same stripe. And a few of them went to judgment honestly believing they had only done what they had to do. As Clay Allison once recalled

“I never kilt nary a feller what didn't need it.”

It was possible in the Old West to kill a man who would as soon kill you and go free to boast of it—unlike a horse thief who, if caught, was sure to stretch hemp. But to cheat a man at cards could bring an instant and violent demise. For gambling—as much as whiskey and women—was the chief recreation of the West. And for some, it was a deadly serious occupation as well.

Bill Hickok, Wyatt Earp, Doc Holliday and Luke Short all made a living—when they weren't working one side of the law or the other—dealing faro, three-card monte and poker. And they were all pretty fair hands at it.

Hickok, as every gambler knows, was shot from behind while playing poker in a Deadwood saloon by a drunken saddle-tramp named Jack McCall. The last thing Hickok saw was the hand he was holding—aces

Cavalry officers pose for a group photo in 1871 on the steps of their headquarters at Fort Ellis, Montana Territory.



over eights—known to this day as “the dead man’s hand.”

Just before they hanged him, McCall was asked why he didn’t face “Wild Bill” in a fair fight and maybe avoid the noose. McCall allowed that he didn’t like hanging much, but he was sure not about to commit suicide.

There were, of course, other occupations available in the early West besides sheriff, hangman, horse thief and cardsharp. And two that were clearly unique to the frontier were the chuck-wagon cook and the dance hall girl, whose callings bore little if any resemblance to their nearest counterparts in the East.

Ranch cooks for many of the larger outfits—like Charlie Goodnight’s Red River spread that was bigger than some eastern states—were highly prized, and could actually dish up a passable stew. But most of the chuck-wagon cooks were just broken-down trail hands who were too old or crippled to spend a full day in the saddle—roping, branding and riding herd. And the simple meals of beans and bacon they served from the tailgate of their Studebaker wagons required little culinary skill to prepare.

But, if it didn’t matter much that chuck-wagon cooks couldn’t cook—well, it wasn’t all that important that dance hall girls couldn’t dance very well either. Yet it may surprise some to learn that, while there is no record of any chuck-wagon cook ever getting rich, a remarkable number of those prairie doves amassed tidy little fortunes—for dance hall girls.

As noted, the end of the Civil War brought a rush of land-hungry settlers to the western plains. Unfortunately, most of them were as ignorant of the place as they were anxious for its riches—and they rushed straight into trouble.

For there were others who held a prior claim to those lands—a right granted to their fathers by the Great Spirit longer ago than the oldest among them could remember. The early pioneers understood and re-



A typical cowboy of the late 1800s, ready for the roundup on the Wyoming Plains.

spected those rights and gave the holders of them a wide berth.

But the homesteaders neither knew nor cared to know anything about the savages who resisted their coming. They wanted the land, and they wanted the “hostiles” driven off. And they called on the Army to do it. So was born a terrible confrontation.

The Army came—or what was left of it after the bloodiest war in the nation’s history. There were raw recruits—green boys in blue britches who signed up for five years and \$13 a month. Grizzled veterans of Gettysburg and Chickamauga—“noncoms” who, then as now, kept the Army going. And there were brevet generals—now reduced to dreams of glory and the rank of captain.

The cavalry troopers came and chased the Indians. And when they caught them or—as more often happened—were caught by them, they fought. Both sides fought brilliantly and, at times, stupidly. They fought valiantly and, at times, shamefully. The soldiers fought the elusive Apache and Comanche in the South and the proud Cheyenne and Sioux on the Northern Plains.

They fought at Beecher’s Island, at Lodge Trail Ridge and at Skeleton Canyon. They fought at Sand Creek, along the Washita and the Little Big Horn, and at Wounded Knee. They fought for more than 30 years. But the end was inevitable. The magic of the medicine man was no match for the carbines and long knives of the

cavalry. And, when it was over, the Indian was gone from the land.

For the Indians, Chief Joseph of the Nez Percés said everything

"Our chiefs are killed. The little children are freezing . . . My people have no blankets . . . my heart is sick . . . From where the sun now stands, I will fight no more forever."

The man who beat the Indians was the Union Army's best cavalry officer and a hero of the Civil War, General Philip Sheridan, the American commander in the West. Sheridan was a soldier and he did his duty. But in the end, he had this to say about the people he had beaten:

"We took away their country, broke up their mode of living, their habits of life; introduced disease and decay

among them. And it was for this and against this that they made war. Could anyone expect less?"

They are all gone now. The brave Sioux warrior who never knew fear, and the scared pony soldier who fought despite a bellyful of it. The dance hall girl and the chuck-wagon cook. The gunfighter and the card-sharp. The good guys and the bad guys. All are gone—or so changed you wouldn't know them. All except one—the cowboy.

He didn't go West to hunt gold or fight Indians. He went to work—for a dollar a day and a ten-dollar bonus at the end of a three-month cattle drive. He worked every hour of every day except to sleep. He worked through the freezing blizzards of the

prairie Winters and under the burning sun of the Southwest Summers.

He punched cattle and rode drag and mended fences and watered stock. And, yes, he sometimes fought Indians. He got busted legs and torn flesh and blisters on his bottom. And when the long drives up the Chisholm or the Goodnight-Loving Trail were over, he headed into the rail-head towns of Cheyenne or Hays City for a week of fun. He'd get a little drunk and gawk at the dance hall girls. Lose his pay at poker, get into a fight and end up in the town lockup. And when the week was over, he'd head back down the trail with empty pockets and a head full of bees—to start the whole thing over again.

The cowboy is still out there . . . in Wyoming and Texas and Montana. Maybe the life isn't as hard, but the work sure is. He's still watering stock and mending fences and spending long days in the saddle. And he'll go on doing it so long as folks want a T-bone steak on the table.

The Lawman. The Outlaw. The Gambler. The Chuck-Wagon Cook. The Dance Hall Girl. The Sioux Medicine Man. The Cavalry Officer. And the eternal American Cowboy.

Nowadays, I suppose, most young boys dream of becoming astronauts and flying to the moon or to Mars. And they watch such shows as "Star Trek" on television.

Nowadays, you don't see many seven-year-old gunslingers galloping on shanks mare through the back lots and picking off bad guys with clothes-pole Winchesters. "Pow, I gotcha!" The bad guy would groan and drop in his tracks. In an instant he'd be up again with a cry of "I'm another guy"—and dash off behind the next tree.

You don't see kids playing Cowboys and Indians much any more. And that's a pity.

* * *

Franklin Mint collectors will learn more about *The Franklin Mint Western Bronzes* in the very near future.



Charles Caldwell ... of art and faith

Charles Caldwell is not the sort of man one would expect him to be—especially after learning that he is the artist who created the eight sculptures for *The Franklin Mint Western Bronzes* collection.

For Charles Caldwell is not typical of the kind of artist one usually associates with the creation of fine works of art in sculpture. His outward appearance reveals no sign of an intense, high-strung temperament.

What he is—quite simply—is a down-to-earth, devoted husband and father of four children. A man with deep religious convictions that affect everything in his life, including his life's work.

At his home and studio in Lake Dallas, Texas, Caldwell explains that the "wide-open spaces" of the Texas ranchlands first sparked his interest in the tradition of Western Bronzes.

"Bronze sculpture that tells the story of how the West was won is an art form that belongs to America alone," Caldwell explains.

"No other country in the world has ever had a frontier that could boast of being more wild or more woolly than America's West. And, fortunately, early Western artists like Frederic Remington, Charles Russell and Phimister Proctor realized it was up to them to record the story of the West before it was pushed completely from the American scene.

"But best of all, these early Western artists inspired contemporary artists like Don Pollard, John Weaver and me to follow in their tradition."

Discriminating collectors the world over have shown their appreciation of fine Western bronzes by including works such as Caldwell's in their collections.



The 150 Balboa

*The Republic of Panama selects The Franklin Mint
to strike a most extraordinary and historic coin*

EXACTLY 150 years ago this month, on June 22, 1826, a courageous group of Latin American patriots gathered together in a sleepy port city on the Pacific coast of Central America to debate a magnificent, if improbable, idea.

They had made the long and dangerous journey to this remote spot on the Isthmus of Panama at the summons of one man. He was the acknowledged leader of South America's long struggle for independence, and a man who dared to dream a great, if impossible, dream. He was *El Libertador* Simón Bolívar.

The goal of lasting freedom, for which the people of all Latin America had been fighting for more than a generation, seemed clearly in sight in the Summer of 1826. The last remaining occupation forces in South America had been defeated eighteen months earlier in Peru. And Bolívar was determined that the continent's hard-won freedom would not only be secured but that it would—through cooperative effort—be maintained. That, never again, would a European power hold dominion over the South American continent.

And today, exactly 150 years later, delegates from many of those same Central and South American coun-



Simón Bolívar — "El Libertador."

tries are preparing to gather again in Panama City, Panama, for another historic meeting; one that will have a double significance.

For, on this occasion, these free nations will join together to reaffirm the principles of inter-American unity first established 150 years ago at that first Pan-American conference—the Congress of Panama. At the same time, the delegates to this 1976 gathering will also pay homage to Simón

Bolívar, the man whose inspired leadership led to that 1826 meeting.

To commemorate this anniversary conference, moreover, the Republic of Panama will issue a new and very unique coin—the 150 Balboa—a coin to be designed and struck by The Franklin Mint. This new coin, which will be issued only in 1976, will bear the sculptured portrait of Bolívar on its obverse and the Coat of Arms of the Republic of Panama on its reverse.

Furthermore, this 150 Balboa coin will be of particular interest to collectors world-wide—for it will be struck in *solid platinum*! It will be the *first* circulating platinum coin ever to be minted in the United States. And the limited Proof edition of this platinum coin is certain to be eagerly sought after—for its rarity, its historical significance, its beauty, and its intrinsic value.

It is highly appropriate that the Republic of Panama has selected platinum for this important commemorative coin. For platinum is one of the earth's most exotic and expensive metals, and it was in South America—more than 2,000 years ago—that the first known platinum ornaments were crafted.

Over the centuries, however, the lure of platinum was lost, and it re-



The Panama City church in which the first Congress of Panama was held in 1826.

mained a kind of "sleeping princess" of precious metals. Colombian Indians, in fact, actually thought of platinum as "unripe gold." And when they came across it while searching Andean streams for gold, they tossed back the grains of platinum to allow them to "yellow" into mature gold.

The true value of platinum continued to go unrecognized until relatively recent times and was often discarded as a waste product in mining operations as late as the 19th century. One story goes that an artisan in Russia was once hanged because he had substituted platinum for silver in a piece of jewelry he had sold.

And yet, platinum—along with gold and silver—is one of nature's true "noble" metals. And it has extraordinary properties and characteristics that make it even more precious than either silver or gold. For one thing, platinum is one of the heaviest

and rarest of all the earth's precious metals. So dense is platinum, in fact, that a four-inch cube would weigh approximately 50 pounds. At the same time, it is so strong and malleable that a single ounce of platinum can be drawn into a wire 11,000 miles long!

Of all the elements found in the earth's crust, platinum is one of the most thinly spread—amounting to only 1/100th of a gram for every ton of earth, as opposed to 50,000 grams of iron, for example.

More surprising, perhaps, is the fact that some scientists now believe that, despite its surface rarity, platinum may well make up a substantial part of the earth's central core—a supposition that is supported by the finding of traces of platinum in meteors. But if true, this earthly treasure unfortunately lies far too deep to be mined by any means known to man.

When platinum was first "rediscovered" in South America in the year 1557, its finder—the Italian scientist Julius Caesar Scaliger—wrote that "no fire nor any Spanish art has been able to liquify it." And little wonder! For platinum has a melting point in excess of 3,200 degrees Fahrenheit, a temperature far above the ability of 16th-century science to duplicate. So impervious to heat is platinum, in fact, that it retains its bright surface lustre even when white hot.

And so hard, stable and resistant to corrosion is this gleaming metal that it is used, sparingly, in the finest surgical instruments, in settings for the most precious gems, and in the alloys which record the world's standards of weights and measures.

Perhaps one last fascinating fact about platinum is worth noting—and this, too, bears on its scarcity. The largest nugget of silver ever discovered—in Mexico before 1821—was huge, weighing a staggering 2,750 troy pounds. The largest nugget of gold, found in Australia in 1872, weighed slightly over 472 troy pounds.

The record for platinum is a tiny nugget found in Russia in 1843. It weighed a scant 21 troy pounds!

And so, some measure of the great importance that the Republic of Panama attaches to the anniversary of the Pan-American Congress in 1826—and to the memory of Simón Bolívar—can be found in that Government's decision to issue the 150 Panama Balboa in solid platinum.

That decision is well founded.

For the representatives who gathered in Panama City 150 years ago this month met in an atmosphere at least as turbulent as that faced by their successors in the 20th century. Because, during the month of June, 1826, much of the civilized world was wracked with turmoil.

In the Far East, the British were engaged in the piecemeal conquest of Burma, the ricebowl of Southeast Asia. In the Middle East, Sultan Mahmud II of Turkey stood deathwatch

over the once-mighty Ottoman Empire, as it slowly succumbed to wars and riots. And in Europe, the army of Czar Nicholas I of Russia prepared to march into Persia to gain control of Armenia and the Caspian Sea.

In the western hemisphere, meanwhile, the winds of freedom first stirred by the American Revolution now swept across the continent of South America. And one man, more than any other, stood at the center of that tempest. He was Simón Bolívar.

A native of Venezuela, Bolívar had joined his homeland's fight for freedom more than 15 years earlier. It was a time when many of the suppressed countries of Central and South America took advantage of Napoleon's invasion of the Spanish peninsula to overthrow 300 years of European domination.

The fight was not an easy one. There were many defeats, along with only scattered victories; long periods

of hiding from royalist troops, and even longer periods of exile abroad. Then, in December of 1822, an event occurred in North America that would spell ultimate victory for Bolívar and his fellow compatriots, among them Francisco de Miranda and José de San Martín.

In the United States, President James Monroe delivered his annual State of the Union address—and in it he announced the Monroe Doctrine! And in that blunt statement, the European powers were told, in no uncertain terms, that they could no longer look to the western hemisphere for lands to conquer. America—both North and South America—was to be for Americans forevermore.

Still, Bolívar remained determined that the nations of South and Central America should unite together in a common defense and—if possible—into one united country. And so he called for the Congress of Panama.

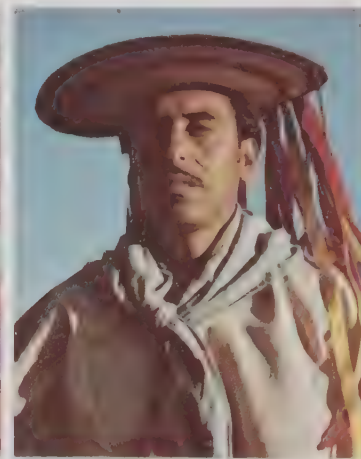
Delegates from eleven present-day Latin American countries were present at this first Pan-American Congress. And observers were invited from Great Britain, the Netherlands and the United States.

This first coming together of the newly-independent nations of the Americas was of great and lasting importance, even though it did not accomplish Bolívar's impossible dream.

For it did prove to be the forerunner of the many Pan-American conferences that have followed. And it did prove—for the first time—that the free and sovereign countries of the western hemisphere could join together in a spirit of cooperation and inter-dependency to work great good in the entire world.

* * *

Members of The Franklin Mint Collectors Society will learn more about the *Panama 150 Balboa Platinum Coin* in the very near future.



An overall view of modern Panama City, Republic of Panama. At right, some of the faces of Central and South America.

The Bicentennial Notebook



PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 28, 1776

WE HAVE IN HAND advices from Delaware County, in an area west of the town of Media, being approximately fifteen miles from this city, that a group of young people have escaped the increasingly trying life of the city, even in this exciting time of debate on the future course of our oppressed colonies.

They have taken to farming on a parcel of land in Edgemont Township, Pennsylvania that William Penn first granted to Thomas Ducket in 1686. The parcel of land being 112 acres.

However, it is sadly reported that life on the farm is no less complicated than it is in the city. Indeed, according to these advices, it seems much the reverse.

For instance, this Spring, as is customary in the country, local farm neighbors helped these bold-spirited young people, comprised of three men, two women, and no children, to raise an enlarged section to the original farmhouse. The original being built at the turn of this century.

But even while they were raising the house, the drudgery of the farm chores had to continue or there would have been no food for next winter.

The farmer's day begins even before dawn. He arises to start his day with a drink of rum or cider. Then off to tend the farm's livestock of cows and horses. Perhaps he will mend fences, a task always needing to be done.

Then back to his kitchen, which seems

to be the favorite and most used room in the farmer's house, much like our parlor, it is supposed. There a breakfast is served by the women of the farm who have been cooking since arising. In the Fall when crops are in and food is plentiful, meat, eggs, cheese, vegetables, bread, pie and fruit laden the rough-hewn table, for a farm is no place for fine furniture.

But we are advised that in the Spring, when Winter's storage of food is depleted, this meal is considerably leaner, and the farmer considerably hungrier.

The meal is followed by more work. The women make butter, bread, cheese and soap. They draw water from the well, or sew or weave, it being their task to make all clothing. They must tend the kitchen garden and mend the fences surrounding it. Then clean the house and feed the chickens and pigs.

The men now tend to the crops, plowing and harrowing for the afternoon. In inclement weather, tools and wagons are repaired. At about 2 o'clock another meal is taken, followed by yet another period of hard work.

As the day draws to a close, everyone gathers again in the kitchen to discuss

their day and the progress of the farm. The men smoke their pipes and go over the accounts. The women prepare the final light meal of the day, to be taken before retiring at the early hour of 7 o'clock. It seems everyone is too tired to speak a spare word or make an unnecessary movement. Why then do they prefer farm life to the life of city folk?

First is their love of all nature. They find joy in seeing the corn and wheat crops grow, witnessing the birth of a new calf, and living off the land, being self-sufficient in a way no other mode of living could offer them.

There is not the crowding of streets,



Text by Edwina West
Photography by John Kelly



nor the noisome burden of horse and wagon or rough people calling out in the streets. No neighbors infringe on their privacy nor inflict upon them any foreign tongues or principles.

In the main, there is comradeship. Being dependent only on each other and nature's providence. Being responsible only to each other. It is a life of working hard together for the good and profit of all.

It is a hard life, full of complications and

the unknown. Yet, for the spirited and hardy, it is a life without the burdensome cares that beset our troubled times. For it offers independence, which is a state every colonist of this day can surely understand.

All of the friends and family that these courageous young people left behind in the City of Philadelphia wish them well in all their endeavors.

* * *

The article you have just read is not, as you have certainly guessed, from a newspaper in 1776. But the lifestyle described here is.

However, you can actually see people living this lifestyle today at the Pennsylvania Colonial Plantation in Ridley Creek State Park, just five minutes from The Franklin Mint, off Route 352.

For the "colonials" at this living museum are working the 112-acre farm in Edgemont Township exactly as farmers did 200 years ago.

The staff of 15 historians, archeologists, and folklore experts — working under the direction of Dr. Jay Anderson, who

holds a 20th-century doctorate in folklore from the University of Pennsylvania — use only 18th-century farm and kitchen tools, eat food prepared in 18th-century fashion and are clothed in 18th-century garb.

Their purpose is to find out what colonial farm life was *really* like by living it, rather than reading about it.

All visitors to the plantation are invited to make themselves at home. On an average weekend, volunteers can be seen splitting rails, making butter and cheese, pitching hay or feeding chickens and pigs.

Visitors are invited to see the plantation from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. on Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays between April and October. From November to March, visitors are welcome on Saturdays and Sundays from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Admission is \$1.50 for adults and 75¢ for senior citizens and children under 12.

Bicentennial visitors to The Franklin Mint will find a display area in its Museum of Art where directions and information on The Pennsylvania Colonial Plantation, and other nearby attractions, can be obtained.



Recent Issues

OF THE FRANKLIN MINT

This department lists some of the many interesting medals, coins and other collector's items recently created by The Franklin Mint.

Proprietary series of The Franklin Mint, usually issued over a period of months or years, are sold by advance subscription only. Occasionally, a subscriber will relinquish his rights to one of these series. For details about obtaining relinquished rights to a particular series, please write to Collector Information, The Franklin Mint, Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091.

Information on the size and limits of each edition is published annually in the reference catalog *Limited Editions of The Franklin Mint*. Individual collectors who wish to obtain such information for any new Franklin Mint issue before publication of the annual catalog may do so by sending their requests, along with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, to the Editor of the *Almanac* no earlier than 90 days after the subscription deadline date for that issue.

Catalog numbers for all issues shown are preliminary and are subject to change.



LGW-12 / Formation of Nation's First Cabinet One of George Washington's most important contributions to our form of government was the creation of the first American Cabinet. Acting on the authority granted him by the Constitution to require the advice and opinions of the heads of various federal departments, Washington appointed Thomas Jefferson as his first Secretary of State; Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury; George Knox, Secretary of War, and Edmund Randolph as Attorney General. Every American President has followed Washington's lead in appointing a Cabinet. This precedent-setting action by our first Chief Executive is the subject of the 12th issue in the *Great Moments in the Life of George Washington* medal collection. *Sculptor:* Richard Renninger. *Size:* 39mm. *Proof Editions:* gold on sterling, sterling silver.

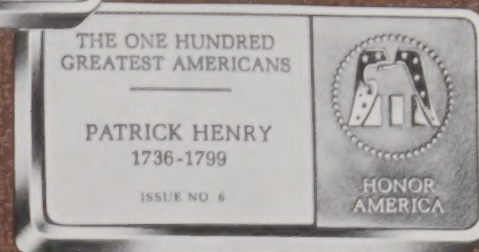


HAI-10 / The Sale of Manhattan The first Europeans to settle the Island of Manhattan were Dutch colonists. In 1626, to avoid possible conflict with its Indian inhabitants, Dutch Governor Peter Minuit purchased the island from the Canarsie tribe. In one of the most famous real estate transactions in history, Minuit paid for Manhattan with trinkets worth about 24 dollars. It is likely that the Indians did not grasp the European concept of the sale of land and assumed that they were selling only hunting rights to the island. This misunderstanding led to much bitterness and conflict between the Dutch and the Indians. The Sale of Manhattan is the 10th issue in *The Medallic History of the American Indian*. *Designer:* Oren Lyons. *Sculptors:* Richard Baldwin and Norman Nemeth. *Size:* 45mm. *Proof Edition:* sterling silver.



HMS-30 / Horseman — c. 440 B.C., Greek The 30th issue in *The One Hundred Greatest Masterpieces* series of art medals depicts the *Horseman*, one of a series of magnificent sculptures that adorned the Parthenon, the temple built in Athens between 448 and 432 B.C. to honor the Greek goddess Athena during the Golden Age of Pericles. The temple was constructed atop the Acropolis, the hill which still dominates the city of Athens. Although damaged by the ravages of time, the *Horseman*, now preserved in the British Museum embodies the lofty vision of Pericles — a vision wonderfully represented in the Parthenon sculptures. *Sculptor:* Herman deRoos. *Size:* 51mm. *Proof Edition:* gold on sterling, sterling silver.

GAM-6 / Patrick Henry A young back-country lawyer, Patrick Henry attracted little attention when he first appeared as a delegate to the Virginia House of Burgesses in the Spring of 1765. But his fame was established when he rose on the 29th of May to deliver a ringing denunciation of the British Stamp Act of 1764. In one of the most famous orations in American history, Henry warned the British that: "Caesar had his Brutus, Charles I his Cromwell, and George III may profit by their example . . ." He is better remembered for the speech depicted on this sixth issue in *The One Hundred Greatest Americans* ingot collection: "I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death." *Sculptor*: Ernest Lauser. *Weight*: 500 grains. *Proof Edition*: sterling silver.

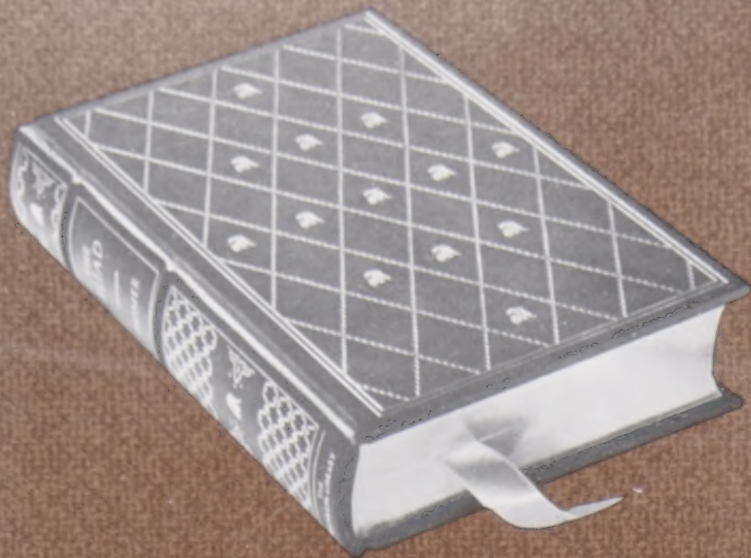


CSC-2 / Massachusetts The bowl of this fine pewter spoon—the second issue in *The American Colonies Spoon Collection*—depicts the adoption of the Mayflower Compact on November 21, 1620. This document was drawn up and signed by 40 members of a company of Puritans in the main cabin of the ship *Mayflower* as it lay at anchor off the shore of present-day Plymouth, Massachusetts. The Puritans, also known as the Pilgrims, were orthodox Protestants who fled to the New World to avoid religious prosecution in England and Holland. The pact they signed before landing in America first established the principle of "government by the consent of the governed" in North America. *Sculptor*: Norman Nemeth, bowl; Daniel Stapleford, handle. *Size*: Approximately 6½-inches long.



AMP-8 / The Jazz Man The eighth issue in *The American People 1776-1976* series of sculptured figures is emblematic of a kind of music unique to America. It was called "jazz" and had its origins in New Orleans, Louisiana, sometime late in the 19th century. The early jazz blended the fervor of gospel singing with the spirit of folk music, the harmony of the classics and the tribal rhythms of Africa. Truly universal in its appeal, jazz is a celebration of life. Yet, with little more than a variation of a chord or two, it can be transformed into that mournful music known as "the blues." This sculptured figure of a jazz trumpet player is cast in fine American pewter. *Sculptor*: Andrew Chernak. *Size*: Approximately 4½-inches high.





HGB-14 / The Iliad of Homer The 14th volume in The Franklin Library's collection of *The 100 Greatest Books of All Time* has been called the most influential book in Western literature. A poetic saga of monumental proportions, The Iliad tells of certain events that took place during the 10th year of the Trojan War — about the time of the fall of Troy — and is published by The Franklin Library in the acclaimed Robert Fitzgerald translation. The book was designed by Quentin Fiore and printed on 65-pound "1854" Plate Finish paper. It is bound in top-grain leather, with ornamentation in 24-karat gold. The pages are also edged in gold, and the end sheets are of imported moiré fabric. Issued only to subscribers to *The 100 Greatest Books of All Time* collection.



HCA-1 / The Princess and the Pea This enchanting fairy tale, one of the most beloved of all time, provided the inspiration for this first issue in the collection of *The Hans Christian Andersen Plates*. Each issue in this series of fine porcelain collector's plates will be devoted to one of the delightful tales written by Denmark's greatest storyteller. The original artwork on each plate was created exclusively for this series by the famed British artist Pauline Ellison, who utilized as many as twenty separate ceramic colors for each plate. The plates themselves were produced by the world-renowned Danish firm of Royal Copenhagen Porcelain. *Artist: Pauline Ellison. Size: Approximately 7 1/8 inches.*



PPI-18 / Ulysses S. Grant The subject of the 18th issue in the collection of *The White House Historical Association Presidential Plates* is Ulysses Simpson Grant, who was twice elected President of the United States. The outstanding military hero of the Civil War, Grant was first nominated for President by the Radical Republicans in 1868 and won election by 300,000 votes. Although his administration was plagued with unfortunate decisions, Grant easily won re-nomination in 1872 and won a second decisive victory. When Grant left the Presidency after two terms, he devoted the remainder of his life to world travel and writing his extensive memoirs. The Presidential Plates are produced in solid sterling silver and inlaid with 24kt gold. *Engraver: Yves Beaujard. Size: 8 inches in diameter.*

Collectors Society Newsletter

A MONTHLY REPORT TO FRANKLIN MINT COLLECTORS SOCIETY MEMBERS

EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

Slabaugh's medal collection displayed throughout Germany

Arlie Slabaugh, Chief Archivist of The Franklin Mint, spent two weeks in Germany recently to arrange for one of his most coveted numismatic collections to be shown in that country.

Entitled *German-American Friendship as Shown by Numismatics*, the collection consists of more than 70 rare and historic specimens of tokens, medals, paper money and other numismatic items which express the friendship between the peoples of Germany and the United States. Considered to be one of the most comprehensive of its kind, this is the first time Slabaugh's collection has been displayed outside of the country.

The American Chamber of Commerce and Franklin Mint Germany GmbH made the arrangements for exhibition of the collection in cooperation with the American Embassy in Bonn. It will be displayed in Frankfurt, Hannover, Munich, Berlin, Hamburg and Saarbrücken before it is returned to Slabaugh in September.

Philatelics on the move

Two very rare philatelic items changed hands recently in New York—and at rather impressive prices.

At the Interpex show in March, Myron Kaller purchased a cover which bears an unusual combination of United States stamps No. 1 and No. 2 and carries a "Naugatuck R.R." postmark. Believed to be the only known cover to bear these two stamps along with a railroad postmark, Kaller reportedly paid more than \$10,000 to George A. Fredericks & Co. for the specimen. The cover sold at auction in 1961 for \$2,000.

And, appropriately, a Bicentennial first day cover opened the 1976 Rarities of the World sale at the Robert A. Siegel Auction Galleries. A cover of American Independence, the item bears a New York postmark dated July 4, 1776, and is addressed to The Honorable John Hancock of Philadelphia. This historically significant cover sold for \$6,500.

Collectors Society Members present church with Franklin Mint Family Bible

Mr. and Mrs. John Fazzio, six-year members of The Franklin Mint Collectors Society, recently made a beautiful and lasting presentation to New Orleans' St. Joseph's Church in honor of their 25th Wedding Anniversary.

At the celebration of the renewal of their wedding vows, the Fazzios presented St. Joseph's church—the third



largest Catholic church in America—with The Franklin Mint Family Bible. The Bible, which is bound in a sterling silver cover designed by noted silversmith Oriol Sunyer of Barcelona, Spain, was accepted for the church by the Reverend Angelas Robin of the New Orleans Archdiocese.

Bud Henry
Editor

Your FM Representatives' Datebook

Following are meetings and other events at which Franklin Mint Representatives will appear during June and July. Representatives are available to coin clubs and service organizations for speaking engagements. However, because of the demands on their time, they cannot travel long distances unless they have several meetings in the same area. Members wishing to discuss representatives' engagements should call Mrs. Kathleen Miller at (215) 459-6120 for

further details. Members who wish to attend particular meetings and require additional information should write to Collector Relations, The Franklin Mint, Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091.

JUNE 18-20

Dan Harley
R.C.D.A. Show
Red Carpet
4747 South Howell Avenue
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

JUNE 26-27

Ed Quagliana
Maryland State Numismatic
Association Convention
Hilton Inn
Reisterstown Road
Pikesville, Maryland

JUNE 25-27

Dan Harley
Alabama State Numismatic
Association Convention
Birmingham Civic Center
Birmingham, Alabama

JULY 1-4

Dan Harley
Blue Ridge Numismatic Association
Convention
Merchandise Mart
Charlotte, North Carolina

JULY 16-18

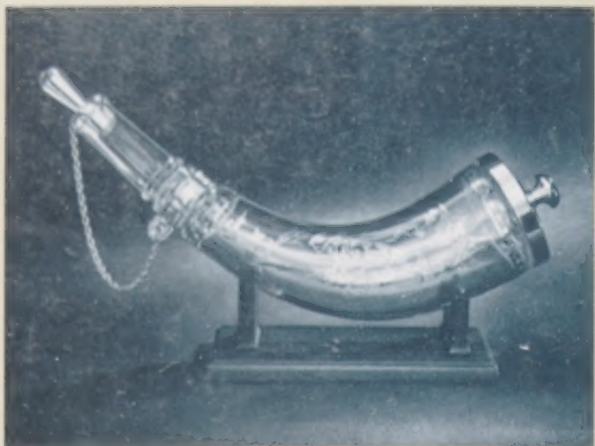
Ed Quagliana
Land of the Sky Coin Show
Asheville Civic Center
Asheville, North Carolina

JULY 16-18

Ralph "Curly" Mitchell
Disneyland Coin Show
Disneyland Convention Center
Anaheim, California

JULY 22-27

Ed Quagliana
Olympic Monex '76
Exhibition Hall
Place Bonaventure
Montreal, Quebec, Canada



See page 14.

*The Franklin Mint Bicentennial Powderhorn.
An original work of art to be issued in
fine lead crystal and solid sterling silver,
and in a single strictly limited edition.*

Advance ordering deadline: June 30, 1976

THE FRANKLIN MINT
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091